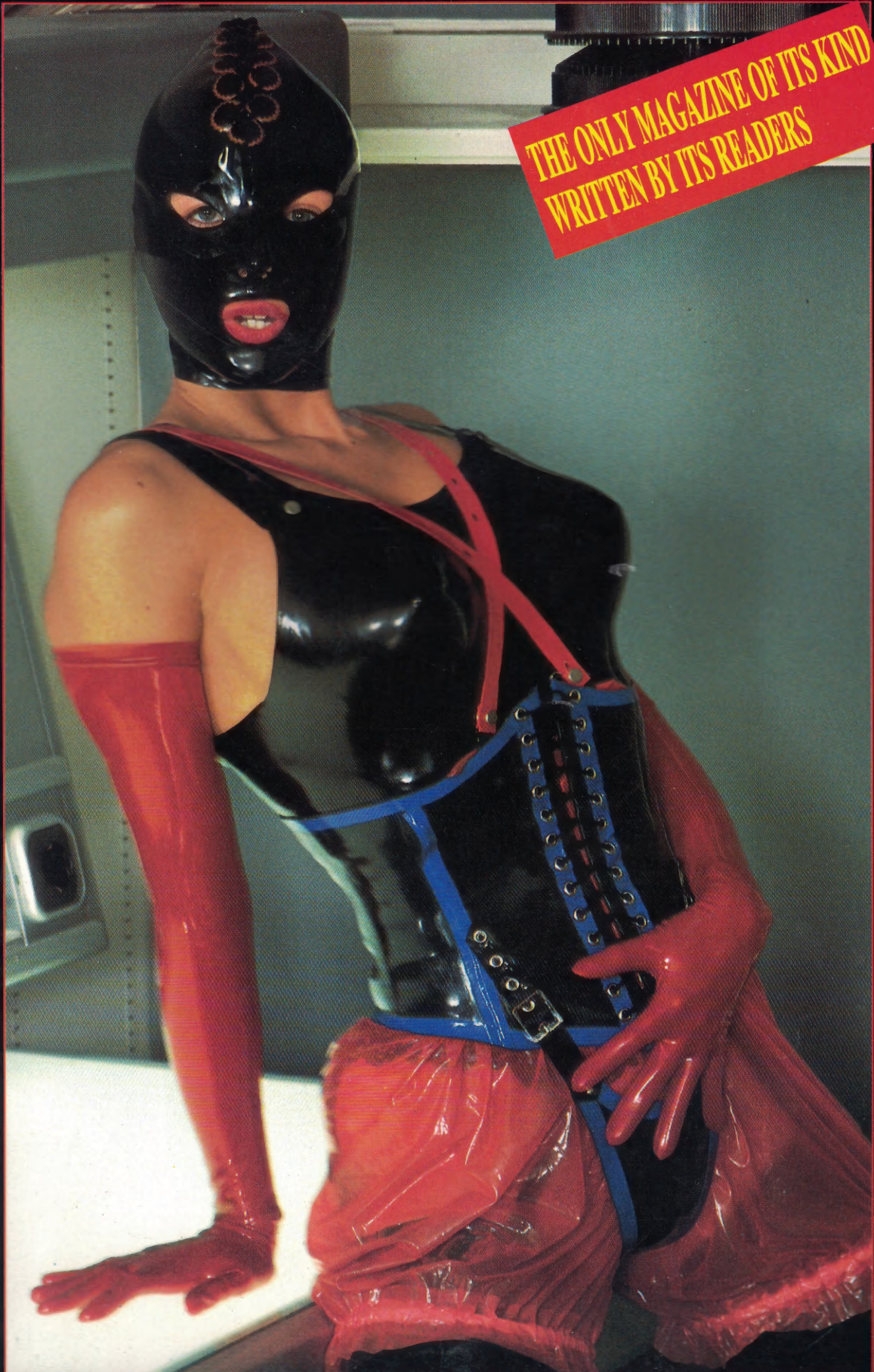


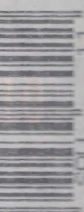
RUBBERIST 11



THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND
WRITTEN BY ITS READERS

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RUBBERIST 11



This magazine is getting more and more like one of those club journals issued to members only. Looking through this issue, it is full of very personal reports and pictures from readers keen to show other 'members' what they have been getting up to since the last meeting.

Stamp collectors, train spotters, bird watchers all write with almost the same passionate intensity about their hobbies, so why should being a rubberist be anything different?

Before you rush to explain why, let us say we already know the answer. SEX. If there wasn't this link to our emotions and our sexuality, it might be different.

It is some small consolation to us that many of the club journals linked to esoteric interests, like collecting jade or artifacts from the Bronze Age, cost even more than this magazine. And for the same reason. The number of enthusiasts for the hobby is very limited and so the printing costs are high.

But isn't it a rather nice thought to see yourself as a member of a sort of specialist elite?

Perhaps, one day, there will be TV programmes where experts on rubber will be invited to identify rubber garments and guess the date they were made, and by whom.

"Ah, yes, this is a Belstaff motor-cycling coat, all rubber, made early in the 50s and the long rubber over-boots with zips are of the same period, designed to fit over streetwear ..."

Popular acceptance of 'rubberism' should not be too long in coming. Female Fashion in the Daily Mail of January 24th was all about the essential clothes for the lady in the country. One model was smartly dressed in (to quote the caption) "thigh waders from House of Hardy, Pall Mall, London SW1. £55.95."

And very smart she looked too.

Rubber dresses have appeared on models on TV, and rubber outfits are popular with the young musicians and performers.

We were dozing in front of the TV the other evening watching (or half watching) some gripping three part mini-series when all of sudden one of the heroines appeared in a cream rubber negligee and - looking very gorgeous in it - set about seducing her boyfriend.

There was no doubt in our minds that it was rubber and what clinched it is that it is featured in one of our catalogues of rubber-wear.

It was such a surprise that we were quite unable to get back to sleep and were forced to watch the rest of it just in case she appeared again in it! We wanted to be able to wake up the wife and say "you'd look good in that dear!"

What our readers feel they look good in is the theme of this issue. We have also persuaded some of our readers to tell us why.

Jo Hammar, who took the picture above (as well as being responsible for our cover) tells us the lady lives in a high-rise in a large city and, when the wind is sometimes blowing from the chemical factories across the river, she wears a respirator! She says if she didn't she would choke!

Gwen - on our back cover - holds similar views and thinks that soon respirators will be de rigueur.

It is certainly getting that way in Romford, and I am not sure we should not start practising at the next editorial meeting!

Meantime, a big thank you to all our readers who have been so forthcoming with editorial and pictures and who have made a daily opening of the mail not a chore but a real pleasure.

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SHARON



SHARON

She was our cover girl for Shiny 59 and, while she was in the studio, began flicking through the pages of Rubberist.

So this is all her idea.

Sharon liked rubber dresses even before she came to our notice.

She says she likes the slinky feel. She loves the 'scrunchy, sweaty feel' when she goes to the disco in one, and the way the glossy, polished black reflects the strobe lights.

What was it like to wear a gas mask? Were these the same things that you had to wear during the war, she asked the editor, looking pointedly at him?

He tried hastily to explain to Sharon that babies in prams were not required to wear them! Not during the Korean War!

Sharon wasn't listening, she was wrestling with the straps



and trying to get one over her lovely hair.

She finished, as you see, trying the mask out with a mac and boots and then with a very fetching nightgown we had borrowed from Michelle Fashions.

Sharon had a lot of fun with the respirator (loaned by the Chemical Defense Agency) and she liked listening to the sound of her own breathing.

She wasn't too sure about the smell and the way the eyepieces kept misting up, but she was very keen to experiment.

Were sexy doings really possible wearing respirators?

If our photographer had not had another appointment, Sharon would have stayed and played for hours.

She wants to come back to the studio and try "this total enclosure in rubber ... and stand under a cold shower".

We think we may have the makings of a dedicated rubberist here.



THE SECRET

We asked several of our regular readers to describe favourite items from their rubber collections and the pleasures they get from them. Here are the first selection from their contributions.

The first reader - Mr D - provided pictures and a brief account, the second - Mr F - just a personal account; two others - Mr H and Mr W - provided both words and pictures.

We look forward to receiving your personal story.



MR D Unless you are a rubber person, you have little hope of understanding the sensational feeling of being cut off from the outside world and inside your own private world.

My 'relaxation' is difficult to explain. It is to put on a rubber costume that will be all-enclosing: to wear a respirator and then drive myself to some quiet place and just sit, or take a solitary walk for a while, hearing just the sound of my own breathing, the methodical clump and crease of my boots against my legs and feet stirring the movement of my blood through heart and body,

the slow build-up of sweat, the slow hardening of my instrument.

Don't ask me to try and explain it - it is so closely linked to the nature of your sexuality.

If I were able to explain it, then it would no longer be my very private world perhaps?

These pictures show just two of my enclosing rubber costumes that may explain it better than I can.

The longer I can remain within my private rubber world, the better I will feel afterwards.

MRF Tucked away in a wardrobe in a plastic bag are my rubber garments which I know will transform me when I put them on. I lay the limp, lifeless garments on the bed selecting a long, black latex cape which buttons to my neck with a Mandarin style collar, and all the way down.

I then select a rain hat (plastic) which I tie very tight under my chin. The long black latex stockings come next, powdered with talc to ensure an easy fit.

It is time now to make up my lips with Red Devil bright red lipstick. This adds to the feminine effect. Next come black latex elbow length gloves which have to be powdered for ease of fit.

My long, beautiful, black rubber bloomers that go from waist to knees go on next and then, for me, dressing is complete!

A mirror helps me admire the finished effect, from the rain hat and thickly painted lips down to the full length cape, the gloves, stockings and bloomers.

I like to swish while I wear the

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WORLD OF RUBBER



THE SECRET WORLD OF RUBBER

garments, listening to the rustling sound of the rubber. My male desire, as the feel and smell of the rubber mixed with the knowledge of wearing essentially feminine garments, creates a swelling in my pants.

It is not long before I am lubricating my pants with my desire, the hot bulbous tip of my manhood sliding inside the beautifully smooth rubber casing.

As my desire grows, I like to fondle the outer side of the bloomers, my

manhood slithering with pre-ejaculatory fluid against the rubber surface.

At this stage I like to fondle my penis with a rubber gloved hand, giving it long gentle strokes, up and down, before the white creamy outpouring lands with spurts onto my rubber garments leaving a white pearly trail as it slides down.

While I am doing this I look in the mirror and see red painted lips parted awaiting the final ecstasy as I come.

MR H I like to choose a time when I have the house to myself and am not expecting visitors or callers. I like a dull or a wet day best. That inspires me to get the rubber out of the wardrobe.

I like to make a ritual of it. I undress and have a cool shower. Then I use talc on my body and pour some into my thin latex two piece suit - trousers and sleeveless top. First, though, I put on the latex pants with the penis sheath. Both they and the suit are a tight, close fit. Thin latex gloves have to be talcumed and put on before I put on my rubber helmet.

Now I am ready for my medium weight rubber suit that has sleeves and feet. It zips up the front from my crotch

That is Mr H. below, and Mr W. opposite.





to the neck. The suit has two zip-runners so I can have access to my penis later if I want to without having to undo the suit from the top.

My rubber trousers are next. Then the rubber sleeveless jerkin that tucks inside the belt on my trousers.

Now it is time for the second pair of gloves - not as thin as the first pair but long enough to cover my wrists. They need a lot of care to get them on as the fingers split if you are not very careful.

Now I put on the only non-rubber items - a pair of thin nylon ankle socks. If I did not put these on I'd have great difficulty getting my feet in the boots.

I have black rubber chest waders not unlike those worn by Lisa in *Rubberist* 9. I bought mine from a firm in London that specialises in catering for salmon fishermen - and who hold the Royal Warrant from the Queen. I was told she has a pair just like them which she keeps at Balmoral!

It gives me a lot of excitement, lowering myself into those beautiful boots. I fasten the braces carefully and then I strap them at the waist and below and above the knees.

Now comes the gas mask which has a filter that I have adapted to give me comfortable breathing. Then my second helmet goes on which has a skirt that fits almost to the top on the wading-boots.

My three quarter rubber mac is next to be followed finally by the gauntlets.

Now all I ask for is a heavy rain storm and a chance to test out the rubber in the fields and woods behind my house.

If I am in a really daring mood, I will exchange the mac for a longer one (or more likely wear it on top), and replace the gas mask with what I call my 'batman helmet' - so named because I used it at a fancy dress party one Christmas.

Then I drive, to the lakes near to where I live, park under the trees and I can enjoy a solitary wading.

Winter is best as, not only are the lakes deserted, but all the layers of rubber keep me nice and warm where, in summer, it tends to become very hot and uncomfortable unless I choose just after dawn.

My penis gets a lot of exercise during all this. With care and control, I can have two or three good 'goes'.

I am never satisfied unless I can feel the penis sheath heavy with creamy contents and squashing deliciously inside the layers of rubber as I go masked-face down in the wettest spot I can find for the grand finale.

Back home, I usually relax on the floor on a rubber sheet with rubber cushions for a while before I undress and have another shower.

The average duration of my rubber ritual (which I enjoy best when I am entirely alone) is rarely less than four hours and usually much longer if I pause for a sleep. Twelve hours has



been my longest so far but not wearing the gas mask all that time. I cannot usually wear that for more than an hour at a time even though I have made it comfortable and made the breathing in it easy.

Afterwards I am always beautifully relaxed and at peace with myself and the world.

MR W I like to start with a pair of moulded rubber socks, then a pair of moulded tights adequately lubricated so that my penis can erect in complete comfort. These tights are eased up my legs and over my thighs slowly so that I can experience the sensual delight of the cool rubber against my skin.

Next I put on my rubber tee-shirt with the same loving care and fit a six inch wide band of thick rubber around my waist. This is the first stage of making the outfit as watertight as possible to cope with the possibility of total immersion a little while later.

The next item is a close fitting garment with a roll-neck top and tight fitting sleeves. For me, the sensual attraction of smooth fitting rubber is irresistible and takes both time and care to smooth out any creases and folds.

I fix ankle and wrist sealing bands of

THE SECRET WORLD OF RUBBER

rubber and then put on a pair of fairly tight fitting, heavy, black rubber trousers. Another wide waist band of rubber keeps my top and my trousers securely in place and water tight.

I pull the roll-neck collar up over my mouth and the back of my neck before putting on my open-face hood, making sure that the skirt of the hood is completely over the collar, again to make it as watertight as possible.

My black rubber gloves are fitted to my wrists with rubber sealing bands and the basic outfit is complete so I can now inspect the result in the mirror and enjoy the first stirring of my erection. I like to see it in the mirror showing itself through the rubber layers as a substantial bulge.

Now I am ready for my calf-hugging rubber boots and I pull the legs of the rubber trousers over them before adding two more seals.

In this outfit, wearing a mac, I have gone shopping in the rain in Hemel Hempstead and rarely attracted any attention, but on this occasion I drove in the car to a small river about five miles away.

Here I parked and put on one of my masks and then spread a rubber sheet on the driver's car seat to protect from my wetness when I return.

The mask I have brought with me on this occasion has the filter fixed to a rubber belt which goes round my waist and the hose is connected to the front of the mask. I take time to tighten the straps as much as I can before covering my head with the full hood.

The wonderful smell of rubber now assails my nostrils and the wet world looks inviting through the eye-pieces.

The river has a shallow gravel bed



and is ideal for wading. I am water proof and watertight and the feeling is wonderful.

Breathing heavily within the mask, and with my heart pounding, I rub the wet rubber gloved hands over my arms, my chest and my thighs, finally over the bulge that is covering my hardened penis.

This action spreads the wetness so that my suit becomes a glossy mass before I carefully wade into deeper water. I take care not go deeper than waist level or I risk flooding my filter.

My erect penis is now throbbing with anticipation as the cold pressure of the river presses in on it. I have to move carefully as any additional stimulation at this stage would send me over the



Possibly Mr W.'s neighbours think that he doesn't believe the cold war is over and is still rehearsing his civil defense procedures? Either that or he is making a personal protest/ statement about the growing level of air pollution in suburbia!

'ejaculation inevitable stage' and I want the sensations to last as long as possible.

After a tense and enjoyable eternity, I wade back to the shallower water and I now kneel down and, with a rubber gloved hand, scoop more of the water over my suit, at the same time thrusting gently.

My hard penis starts bucking, gently at first, as though try trying to free itself from the rubber confines. Soon the rocking motion and the swishing waves of water increase the intensity of feeling until the pleasure becomes unbearable.

The first spurt of semen ejaculated into my rubber tights makes my whole body shudder with pleasure. It is followed by more spurts and the hot, slippery juices running inside the suit are an exquisite sensation, unlike anything else I am aware of.

I don't think I would ever want to be anything other than a 'rubberist'.

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A meeting between a group of old friends and the exchange of memories of rubbering in the mid 70s produced two articles from readers for this issue. This the first entitled

ANGELA'S STORY

No wife could have a better lover or a better provider, or a kinder person than my husband. I don't believe any marriage can be free of problems but a lot of blame for the bad patches in ours in the past are down to me, and I am ready to admit it.

All those days are gone and now we are a very happy family but I have to be honest and say that his obsession for and with rubber very nearly ruined our marriage in those first years.

It took me a long time to understand why. Nothing in my upbringing had helped me, and if I had not sat down and thought the matter through if I hadn't met and talked to other wives with husbands with similar tastes, I might have done the most stupid thing and walked out on him and asked for a divorce.

There was a time when I seriously considered it, believing my husband was under the control of some mental demon called 'rubber'.

But for the children and the fact that I had been brought up a catholic, a religion which frowns on divorce, I might easily have accepted the advice of both a doctor and a solicitor and left him. I could not grasp the idea that the man I was in love with and had married seemed - now that I had three young babies to look after and less time to devote to him - to prefer a sexual substitute - rubber - to me.

There were no books or magazines or honest advice I could find at that time to explain the reasons for his strange behaviour -

which seemed totally unreasonable to me. Why rubber?

Even my parents were not sympathetic, saying: 'We tried to warn you but you wouldn't listen' and 'This is your reward for committing a grievous sin'.

My parents were very upset when they discovered their only daughter, of whom they had such hopes, wanted to marry outside the catholic faith. What was far worse, she had sinned: she was pregnant. What really upset them was that, far from feeling guilty and contrite about my condition, I was pleased. I was so madly in love I just wanted to be married even though I was barely sixteen.

My mother has now come to like her son-in-law (my father died some years ago) as well as her grandchildren (now grown up and two with children of their own) but I can see now that, at the time, it must have been very difficult for them. So they were quick to decide that I was married to some kind of freak or monster when I told them about his rubber craze.

I began by hating rubber - anything rubber. Now it is quite different. We joke about it. He says that it is me that is the leather and rubber fetishist and he has to go along with it only to please me!

I suppose it helped considerably that I have always enjoyed the sexual side of marriage. I could put that even more strongly and say that I appreciate my own sexuality to such a degree, that I would be happy to wear almost anything that helped get the



juices flowing.

We are well past our first flush of youth and so need all the help we can get to enjoy a good session of lovemaking. Or, to use my husband's favourite expression, a good screw. (I am told that regular lovemaking is better than aerobics or jogging or any amount of health foods or diets.)

As I said at the start, I owe a lot to good friends who have convinced me that being a rubberist is not anything to get het up about - or feel guilty about. It is just a part of life. That is why I have allowed myself to be persuaded to write this - in the hope it might be read by someone else with a similar problem in their marriage.

For when you understand it, you can enjoy it.

I won't tell you what special wedding anniversary it was last year, but I could not help but wonder just how many couples, after all those years together, could get all excited at the idea of a second honeymoon and enjoyed the night together just as much as the first one.

Apart from a long, pink latex gown (from Sealwear), I didn't wear rubber that night and so it

does prove those shrinks wrong that claim - as I read in magazine Cosmopolitan recently - that the fetishist cannot get an erection unless he, or his partner, is dressed in materials associated with the fetish. Rubbish, is what I say.

I would like the writer of that article to come and watch my husband making love naked. It is just that we like variety and rubber is 'variety' for us.

Mentioning voyeurs, I have been urged by my husband to tell you of the weekends we used to spend with friends at a cottage we used to own in the Wye Valley.

Our specially close friends are also keen rubberists and so, when at the cottage, we used to wear the clothing, foot and legwear and head covering that got our husbands all hot for us. It also had a practical side as it always seemed to be raining whenever we were there.

The men loved to get into all their rubber clothing - as many layers as they could put on. Not content with that, we had to do the same and then we either went walking or even got taken to the pub where we must have been a sight to behold.

ANGELA'S STORY

One very wet evening that I remember, we all walked the mile to the pub and then back, sweating under all that rubber despite the bitterly cold wind and driving rain.

That is the funny thing about the rubberist men - they don't seem to appreciate that our skins and complexions don't take kindly to rain driving in between collar and head covering. Everything else may be protected with rubber but not the face.

Why didn't I wear a mask, I hear you ask? My husband is mad about masks, but where a mac and boots - and even hat and gloves in rubber - may not attract

too much attention on a wet day in Wales, a mask most certainly would. I like the rubber helmets but they render you somewhat deaf and so I don't wear them outdoors, relying instead on my souwester.

I've gradually come to like all kinds of masks and it can be fun, when I'm in the mood, to try out the different kinds in his collection. I quite enjoy the extraordinary breathing and whistling noises you can get from a respirator if he wants to make love to you when you are both wearing them.

I like most of the rubber clothing my husband has bought me over the years. I really like my two SBR macs, the cloak and the cape. I like both my catsuits which were made to measure for me by Sealwear after two disasters with other firms. I have rubber pants and rubber blouses and tops, rubber rainhats plus gloves and boots, most knee high but some that go right up the legs. (I prefer the knee-length ones with a heel that are very difficult to get now).

A lot has to do with association. My friend told me she had only to see his big, long, masculine, rubber boots standing in the cupboard and she would get warm, sexy flushes! She is right. I like turning my husband on.

But to return to the story: on the way back from the walk to the local public house (where I confess we had had quite a few drinks!) my husband and I stopped to help a young couple who needed a push to get their camper-van off a flooded field, so our two guests got back to the cottage before us.

As we walked down the passage and passed their bedroom door, we could hear the sound of grunting and rubber creaking. My nosy husband pulled me back and he opened the door. Our guests, still in their wet macs, were screwing on one of the twin beds with a lot of enthusiasm.

Our intrusion didn't seem to bother them and she didn't show any embarrassment at our presence. She just hooked her rubber boots over her husband's back and told him to keep on fucking her and not to release his love-juice until he was right up and she was ready.

The sight soon had my husband aroused and he was doing some delicious groping. That got me going. We both made for the other bed simultaneously



I pulled up the skirt on my mac, spread my boots and undid the pants. He was fumbling at all his layers of rubber, boot keepers, buttons, buckles and zips. Out came his big penis in all its glory, its foreskin folding back. (There is something about the sight of a man's erect penis when it framed and surrounded by black rubber that I find very masculine and exciting).

Although he threw himself heavily onto the bed, wet muddy boots and all, it wasn't instant sex. He pulled off my souwester and kissed me fiercely. He has always had a way of kissing that drives me quite wild.

Then he put his gloved hand down and entered me an inch at a time and it was delicious until he had pushed it right up, then it was glorious. I had a mini orgasm before I cast caution to the winds and said loudly - knowing I had an audience - "come on, darling, love me, show them how you really can love me". (I have never liked the word 'fuck' but there are times when we are in rubber that I get very tempted to use it. I blame my friend who is always talking about 'rubber-fucking').

I heard the next bed creaking and a loud cry told me that my friend had reached the heavenly stage. From the corner of my eye I could see her rubbered fingers clenching the edge of the sheet: "Oh God, its coming ... come, come, come, please come!"

My husband was now getting

all my attention, plunging away, hitting the spot almost every time and it was lovely, if very noisy. (With me the rustling of all that rubber hides the curious, loud sucking noise my vagina makes when it is really juiced up and he is driving in: the resulting of the battering it has had from providing a passage for three babies! My husband thinks the noise is very funny and laughs but I have always thought it shaming).

It wasn't long before I realised my friend was the voyeur, leaning



I began by hating rubber - anything rubber. Now it is quite different. We joke about it. He says that it is me that is the fetishist and he has to go along with it only to please me!

understand why I find it erotic but, as I have said, as you get older you need a bit of inspiring.

It was certainly not like that at the start. It never took much to get me going. It used to need only one look from his eyes and I had damp pants!

I fell for John on our very first date. I decided I had to have him. All the other girls in the sixth form of the convent agreed with me he was very good-looking and they were urging me on, asking me almost every day 'had we?'

John tells me he was crazy about me because I had good legs, lovely eyes and I was very lively, loving and precocious. He said he had never met anyone like me, so falling in love was easy.

If I am to believe his version, he says I opened my legs and stretched myself without any prompting or persuading from him. He pretends that if it had been left to him he would have tried a lot harder to keep his passion for a schoolgirl in check!

He can't remember now how

his flies came undone but does remember the tip of his penis being against my pants.

He says he had not intended going beyond some heavy kissing and fondling. But then - if I am to believe him - I eased down my pants, drew up my knees and pulled him forward until he felt himself against the maiden barrier.

He said there was a lot more cuddling and kissing and then, so he claims, I got very impatient and moved my body fiercely against him, two, three, four times, until, suddenly, before he could stop himself, I had got him to force the passage and he was in and up. Seconds later, he says, he was so over-excited, he was spurring furiously and I was going crazy!

I was fifteen years old and having to find excuses for a gym slip with ghastly stains on the back of the skirt.

I remember I used to call, on my way to school, at seven in the morning, at his father's garage where he worked, and, often, we



across from the next bed, being very rude and coarse and urging my husband: "That's it, drive it all the way up her. Give her what she needs. I want to hear her".

When he is all dressed in his mad rubber, my husband needs no urging. He can be the most tender of lovers but on this night he was back giving me the kind of action he used to in the early days of our marriage - and before.

I remember trying to push him off me as I wanted to show off by mounting him or have him do it the way that sometimes can really drive me wild - where I kneel and bend forward and he takes me from the rear. But that is very difficult in rubber fisherman's boots and a long heavy mac and he wasn't having it. He was in the mood for the male-dominant position and the best I could do was to wave my boots in the air as he poured it into me.

I admit I yelled a lot louder than I would have done normally but it was a great orgasm I had anyway and I could feel my contractions going on afterwards even when I sat up to inspect the damage to the now soaking wet bed covers.

(Black rubber - especially the boots - can leave indelible marks

on sheets and bed covers - any ideas how to remove them? None of the TV advertised detergents will shift them.)

I was surprised when I looked at the clock and found we had only been back in the cottage for less than ten minutes. It had seemed like two hours - two hours of pleasure.

I remember that night particularly because I so enjoyed it. It was also the first time I had ever done it as a 'foursome' - and it certainly wasn't the last.

I have to say that I find rubber-lovemaking a lot better and easier without too many layers of rubber. Wearing rubber waders is very uncomfortable for the woman if, and when, she wants to bend her knees during. I much prefer rubber suits and short boots and worn with a helmet, mask or hood.

It is nice, though, if you can do it with another couple as one inspires the other. Watching naked lovemaking I don't think I would find pleasurable. But when it is all hidden and what you see are two entwined bodies all coated in black, moving together rhythmically and giving off pleasurable noises and sounds - I find that very erotic. I don't claim to



ANGELA'S STORY

would slip upstairs to the flat, before the rest of the staff arrived, and he would make love to me. At lunchtime, I would be there again and if there was an opportunity

Evenings, if I could sneak away from doing homework, I would be off to the flat or into the park, pulling my pants down and telling him how much I loved him as he climbed between my legs.

We have made love as many as five times in one day and enjoyed it every time. Oversexed? Possibly! Except I knew other girls in my class at the convent doing much the same at that time. A small group of us used to discuss it, all in graphic detail, in private, while we smoked cigarettes and convinced ourselves we were very grown up.

I used to walk home in the evening in a haze of love, revelling in the feeling between my legs so much, I used to use muscular control to keep as much of his cream in me as I thought I could! I just wished I had known about latex pants and bloomers in those days. I would certainly have worn them.

We never took any precautions. I am ashamed now to confess I never even contemplated it and, when John sensibly bought some

condoms, I stopped him from using them. I said they were for use by men going to prostitutes and not wanting to get a disease!

It was the way I had been brought up. I had been taught by the nuns that having sex before marriage was a sin - but had convinced myself that it was not a big one when you believed you were going to get married.

I told myself I could go to confession and do penance afterwards. Birth control though - that I believed was a serious sin for

love and marry. I did. Sooner than I thought I would. To my first real boyfriend! I thought it was wonderful. I still think it was.

(I have to say that I have been much stricter and much more sensible with my advice to my children.)

My husband claims that our love-life took a new and exciting turn after I began to wear rubber. Trying to look back at that time, I suppose there will be many who will just say that we were depraved - or that I was doing the

are even courting - I thought it was my husband's sworn duty to follow all the promises he had made at our big catholic wedding.

He should be spending all his time becoming a good catholic and building up the business that would give us the income for our own home and a comfortable life for the large family I had planned. He was not entitled to indulge in hobbies - certainly not something as stupid as collecting and wearing rubberwear and wartime gas-masks.

Catching him masturbating when wearing his rubber things, I thought was the worst kind of insult to me. I had never, as I told him during the tearful row that followed that discovery, refused him sex even during my pregnancies. Indeed, I had made a joke about it and called it 'wetting the baby's head'!

Then came the magazines and the books and the letters I found to a woman who claimed she liked to wear rubber when 'whipping her male slaves'.

I can tell you now - the rows we had were quite horrific.

I am talking about the 60's - hardly any unemployment, women enjoying a new freedom with (almost) equal opportunities, including the right to choose their sexual partners; food was cheap, wages were rising and John used to pay just one shilling and ten pence for his lunchtime pint! It was a lovely time for a young married couple.

There was a freedom in the air, and now I had broken away from the moral strictures I had been brought up with, I should have been enjoying it all.

I cannot really chart my 'conversion' but in order to save the marriage I decided I had to pretend to like rubber. Quite suddenly - and amazingly - I found I really did. All I needed to do - I discovered - was to get rid of my prejudices and all my pre-conceptions.

Good, well-made rubber macs looked really smart even if they were not very feminine. They made me, I decided, look more mature. It was curious but the children were rarely disobedient when I was wearing what they liked to call my 'witch's black.'

The black rubber suits seemed to do wonders for my figure and, it is true, they are good as slimming aids. I wore one of mine, with the boots, around the house for ten hours on one day, and for six

... our love-life took a new and exciting turn after I began to wear rubber ...

which the priest would not easily absolve me.

Irresponsible? Stupid? Possibly. I certainly didn't seem to have given it much thought at the time. Girls in the sixth form always seemed to be leaving the convent because of impending motherhood and I think, unconsciously, that I was rather looking forward to being among them and attracting the same kind of notoriety. I really hated school. I loved children.

I had, at that time, no other ambitions (other than to become a children's nurse) than to fall in

wrong thing in encouraging, and catering for, my husband's depraved tastes.

I think it all began with the death of my aunt. I helped clear up her house and among the things I collected was an old brown, long rubber cape. I was expecting my second child and I saw it as keeping me dry and hiding the evidence!

But the cape was old and gave off a really horrible smell. But my husband loved it. Insisted I wore it. He told me how much he had liked a similar cape that his mother had worn and how rubber clothing fascinated him.

I already knew he liked to wear rubber when he went out on his motor-bike - a rubber hood, mac and long rubber over-boots. But I had thought that was for purely protective and practical reasons.

It was when I was six months pregnant with my second child that he began buying all sorts of rubberwear for me. He said the loose rubber caftans would be more comfortable for me. But I didn't like it. Not understanding, I said it smelt and felt 'funny'.

I see now that a lot of it was his attempt to get my attention. He felt, like so many men, that now that I had children, he was relegated to a minor role in the home. He wanted to still be Number One Priority.

I could not understand his desire to make love to me when he had me dressed in rubber. And the macs and the boots that he wanted me to wear in public, every time it even looked like rain, seemed to me to be so heavy and ugly. And why black all the time? I said no. I burnt the old brown cape.

Busy with the demands of three children under five - and I was not yet of an age when most girls

Ann Summers

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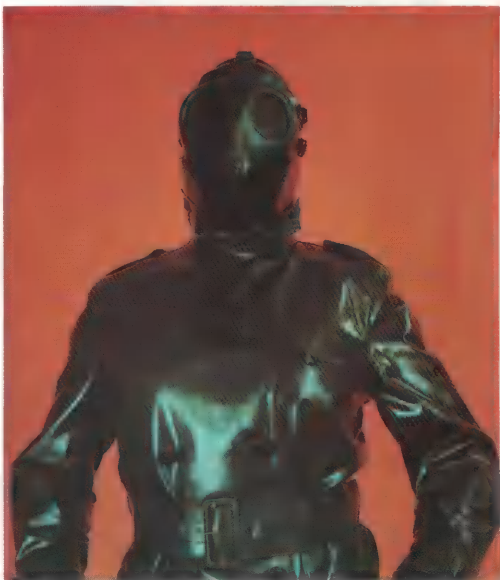
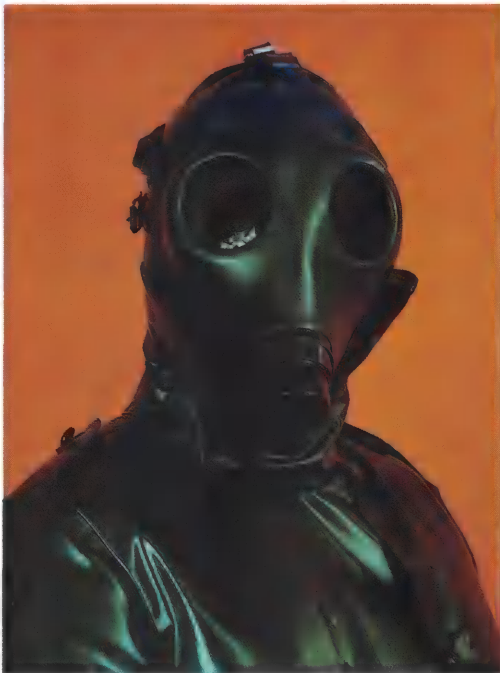
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I have come ... to like all kinds of masks ... it can be fun ... to try out the different kinds...

ANGELA'S STORY

hours on the next, and lost a total of eight unwanted pounds.

So you can see how I came to love the smooth feel of rubber, love the smell and the way it ripples. There are a few things I don't like, and I wear mainly to please my husband, but I can honestly say that had the roles been reversed, I would have done everything possible to introduce my husband to the infinite possibilities of intimacy in rubber!

Our youthful indiscretions, our uninhibited sex life and our attitudes to sex and marriage don't seem to have done us any harm.

It seems a such a pity that what I have lost in all this is my religious beliefs. That was because almost everything I enjoyed was being presented to me as being a sin. The purpose of lovemaking was not pleasure but procreation.

When I foolishly confessed about his sexual rubber interests - I was told I was married to an unhappy and evil man and it would be best for me if I left with the children. I don't even like to think or talk about that now.

Had I been shown a little understanding and a little tolerance, I might still be a believer. But I was given a choice - and I know I made the right one because a rubber fetish - and being married to a rubber fetishist - is fun and I consider it to be not only harmless but a wonderful thing to share. I think smoking and drinking are far more dangerous.

It is only my children who laugh at us now and seem to think their parents arrived from another planet!

We don't try for records like five times in a day any more but there is rarely a week where we don't enjoy sexual intimacy in one form or another - and there are so many forms.

I would not feel loved if I did not feel that he still wanted to make love to me on a fairly regular basis, or that I could ask him.

I am a woman that has to have physical sex in order to reassure herself that she is still loved and wanted. Dressing up in rubber is a very small price to pay for that.

Yet all around me I watch marriages collapsing; I read articles in the hairdresser about 'celibacy in marriage' and I certainly have no regrets.

My mother believes that all our problems stemmed from my missing out on my youth and my flouting my religion. I just don't

see it that way. Perhaps having children so young might have been a mistake but then John says, joking, that a shotgun wedding was probably the only way he would ever have been made to walk up the aisle with me or any other woman! His parents divorced and he had a very bleak view of marriage.

My friend tells me that it is all so simple. I married a sexy man and so I had to accept that I needed, as a part of my wifely duties, to explore that sexuality - and to try to understand it. I advise the same to other women. Having few sexual inhibitions has helped me - that and what my friend calls 'insatiable curiosity.'

We now have a wonderful marriage and I would not swop my husband even for Ian McShane (who plays Lovejoy in the TV series) - who I think is unbelievably sexy and I can really fancy him. If I was a whole lot younger, then my husband might have had a rival just as I once thought I had a rival for his love.



HOW TO BE A RUBBERARTIST

Arthur is not writing about the right way to use an eraser, but how you can become the Rembrandt of the rubber scene without attending art school, or buying an expensive easel, or renting a garret in Paris.

There is a great deal of pleasure to be gained from enlivening your fantasy with drawings.

You are going to say "But I can't draw". And I am going to reply that anyone can become a passable artist with the help of modern technology.

You don't have to go to night-classes and you don't even have to read a 'how to' book - although they can be very useful.

I have never had any artistic training. I am a publisher and I work with artists - which has given me an appreciation of art and a taste for it - but until I began to doodle, I had never drawn anything more exciting than some money from the bank!

I don't claim a lot for these efforts but they have given me a lot of fun and now I am bringing to life some of my rubber fantasies. I hope to write some stories for Shiny Magazines soon and illustrate them myself.

My technique is this. I take some photographs - black and white or colour, then get good sized prints made - 5 by 7 inches or larger. I take these and photocopy them, but adjust the photocopy contrast control so I get a result that is rather pale and thin.

The result is a shadowy image in black and white. I then draw over the outline with pencil - 3H for the fine detail like the eyes, HB for most of it and 3B for the shadows and shading.

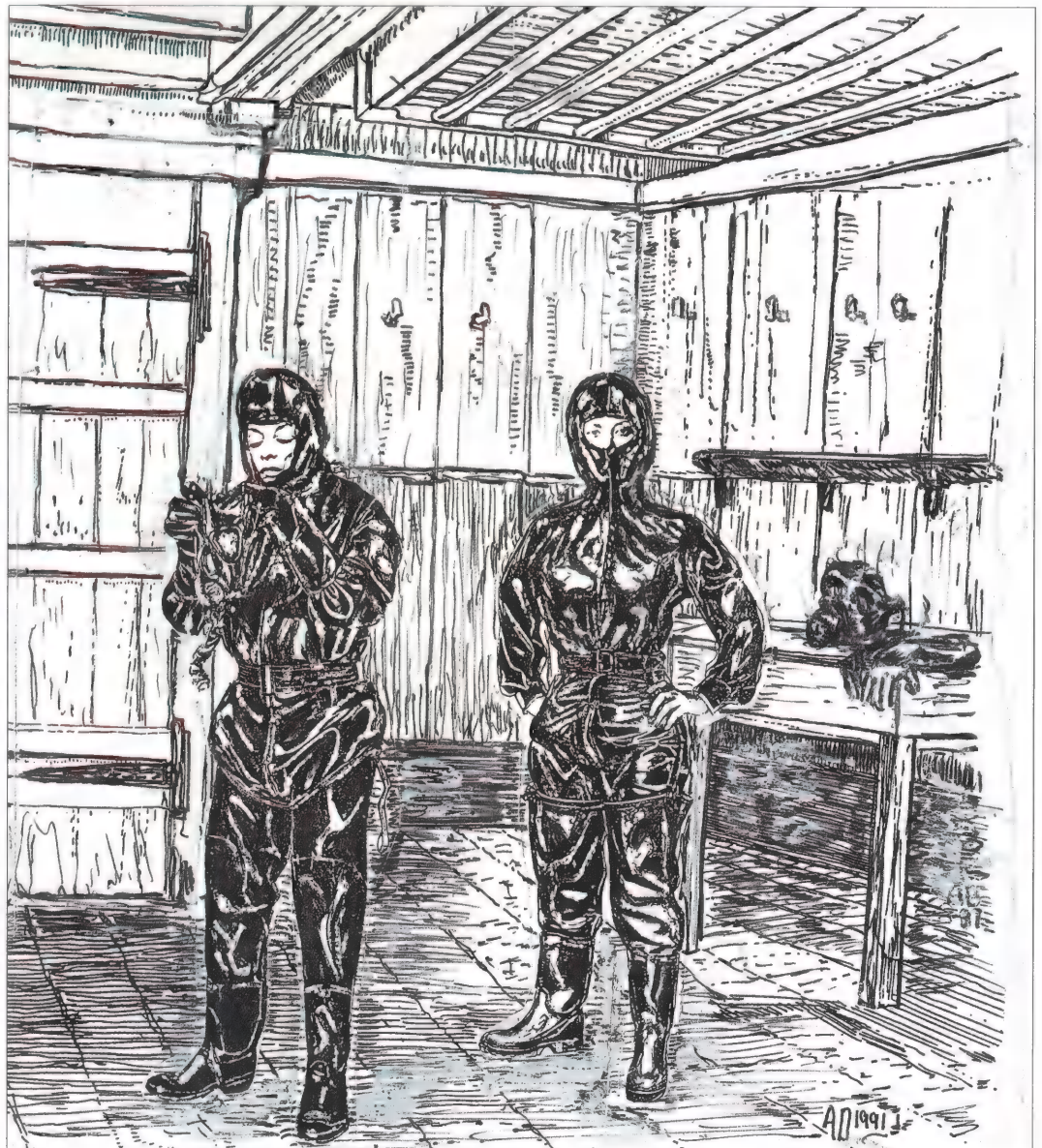
As rubber is notoriously difficult to draw, better results are with pen and ink.

After a lot of practising with pencil and eraser, I went to an art shop and bought Pilot Drawing Pens - 0.1 nib for fine line, 0.2, 0.4 and 0.5 for the shading. These pens are not expensive and last a long time.

The technique was the same - I traced over the photocopy outlines. You can see the results here taken from photographs I did of the two ladies,

Angela and Helen, when I was invited to visit Angela's cottage in the West Country. When I had finished my pen drawings, I took them back to

the photocopier and reduced them down, this time bringing up the black and white contrast. Then I cut them out and pasted them onto a little sketch





I had made already - using the Pilot 0.2 pen - of the barn behind the cottage. (This too was based on a photograph).

Once that was done, I was back to the photocopier for the third time for a last reduction and the result is as you see here.

You can use almost anything for a background - pictures from this magazine or any other source. You can also use pictures from the magazine as your 'models'. All you need is access to a photocopier with reduction facilities and a tone and contrast control.

I promise you it is very easy if you use a little patience and experiment with the drawing tools that suit you best.

If you go to a good artshop, you can get a chance to try out drawing pens (and pencils) to see what is best for you.

Start with pencil, as you can rub out mistakes easily, until you get the feel of it. Then move on to ink as rubber costume and boots look so much better in dark black.

If you haven't got, or can't get at, a photocopier when nobody is around, there is an alternative. Tape a picture behind a

sheet of milk-opaque glass with a 60W lamp under it. Place a sheet of drawing paper on the surface of the glass and attach both it and the original picture securely with masking tape. Then copy it slowly and carefully, drawing the outline of the folds first.

There is a lot of patience and trial and error involved but it is fun to try and, think of it, you can draw yourself in an intimate clinch with your favourite model, both of you wearing your favourite costumes!

Even if you are not a very good artist, you will get a lot of fun out of trying.

There is one snag I have found. It is quite difficult to draw with one hand while the other is busy feeling at your rubber trousers!

If you follow Arthur's advice and are satisfied with the results, we would love to see your drawings and we will publish the best. If we can get the editor's fingers unclenched from the petty cash box, we will even give prizes for the best published. Failing that, perhaps a free Shiny Video for the best entry. The address is on page 2.



We showed you two of Ken Brough's paintings in Rubberist 9. A self-taught artist, Ken has achieved the difficult art of showing the sheen of rubberwear in a realistic way. Here are some more of his paintings, and if you would like to commission him to do one for you, we will be glad to forward letters. He is also pleased to hear from rubberists who have ideas for paintings.







MARRIED TO A



RUBBER ARTIST



My husband Gary has been a rubber lover all his life but until I met him five years ago, I must say that I had never thought of rubber except as a method of keeping you dry. As we live in California - the sunshine State - the need for protective rubber is minimal unless you are a scuba diver..

Suddenly I realised that rubber had so many other possibilities. Gary is a wonderful professional artist and when I was inspecting his work, I first saw his rubber drawings.

They made me laugh. More than that, they aroused my curiosity.

We are both in our early forties and have no children so that we can play rubber games whenever and wherever we like. Gary has accumulated the most collection of rubber-wear: boots, dresses, hoods, gas-masks, gloves, diving suits, helmets ...

Gary introduced me to scuba diving in a rubber suit and I have been a model for many of his drawings.

All I have to do to turn Gary on is to dress up in a full rubber suit like the one above, swim-cap, gloves, flippers and face mask and wait to hear his car in the drive.

Boy, do we have fun!

We have even managed underwater sex in our swimming pool. Gary converted some scuba helmets to connect to an air pump and this allowed us to stay down long enough in the pool to Do It. (Don't ever try to use a gas-mask in a swimming pool - that can be dangerous).

We wear a lot of rubber round the house, and it is not uncomfortable but pleasant even in the summer. All we need to do is turn up the air-conditioning and we are just fine and rubbering away nicely!

We have a number of friends now who share our interests, and we all dress up together and play around our pool, splashing away in our rubberwear.

I know I am prejudiced, but I do hope you will print some of Gary's drawings in your magazine. I think they are so funny and so clever. Erotic too, don't you think?

It is when you can make fun of something like this that you realise just how harmless it all is - and is not a matter to take to the shrinks.

Like to hear from rubberists in U.K. and Europe. Please would you pass on any letters to us. Love to you all. *Margaret.*

That is one of Gary's delightful drawings on the inside cover, and one of his cartoons above. Yes, we will pass on letters. Ed.





MILK MAID

More from
Nicolle

I think of all the photographs I've sent so far, this picture of me tying some rubber across my mouth is my favourite. I'd like to explain why.

In the letter you published in *Rubberist 10* I told how I came to my particular interest in rubber by wearing rubber gloves and finding how orally fixated I became wearing them. I went from sucking my gloves and the rubber toes of tennis shoes to devising what were, in effect, 'gags' made of rubber. I found I'd spend hours with rubber covering my extremities - hands, head and feet - and soon owned four bathing-caps, an assortment of rubber gloves and three pairs of white tennis shoes solely for indoor use.

Knowing how fetishism is a predominantly male thing, I can't begin to explain this. I'd buy some new gloves at the supermarket, a new pair of tennis shoes, a cap, and only when I got home realise that it did constitute compulsive behaviour. I was doing it because rubber was involved, like it or not.

The day I bought a lady's full wetsuit at a local garage sale and found my heart was pounding as I handed over the money, I gave up trying to explain. I knew I was doing it for me. I was a natural in some fundamental way.

I remember I sat wearing it all afternoon with white tennis shoes and rubber gloves and a strapped swimming cap over the hood, first innocently sucking a tennis

shoe, then - when I became bolder - gagged with lots of white rubber and with my hands and feet tied the best I could manage. The next morning I bought my first pair of rubber wellingtons to go with the suit.

By this time I'd told my girlfriend about the "tennis shoe" and "frogman" dreams I'd been having.

Marta had worn gloves and tennis shoes with me on several occasions; we'd even worn caps at the local pool together; but I'd never gone so far as to put on wetsuit and rubber boots with her, though now I wish I had.

Marta would have probably worn it too if I'd asked. But I was less bold then. Rubber gloves and tennis shoes and caps at the pool were one thing, but I felt nervous about asking a girlfriend to put on a rubber suit and rainboots just for the fun of it.

So, for a number of reasons, I hope you can run this picture. With it I'm including some shots of me in





a Fetish Bizarre outfit I call "The Milk-maid". It comprises a black rubber suit, domestic rubber gloves and wellingtons (wholly appropriate farmyard wear), hood and bathing-cap worn with a white rubber gasmask, a genuine 50's all-rubber Playtex Golden Girdle, and - a delightfully kinky touch - bathing-caps clipped together to create the formidable breast cups of a most imposing rubber bra.

Just imagine me with my milk pails clumping out to the barn in the early morn-

ing, my milk-white rubber breasts jouncing rather fetchingly as I walk, looking like some splendidly-endowed Rubber Amazon off to do her chores for the day. I can just see the local menfolk in their rubber boots and macs setting down their rakes and pitchforks, following along to watch me work.

Once again, I hope you can use these photos, and would be most grateful for a copy of any issue in which they might appear. I can't wait to show Marta!



Delighted with her appearance in the last issue - and the fan mail which we have been forwarding from readers - Nicolle from Australia has written again and sent us more of her pictures.



Jo Hammar has the amazing skill to add that something extra to the rubber costume. This latest fantasy of his has two lovely young ladies romping in his studio. Here are some of the exciting possibilities of rubber and latex, matched with other materials, and using colours other than black.



STUDIO GIRLS







LETTERS

MISTRESS WANTED

My wife and myself are both very interested in Rubber, PVC and especially mackintoshes, and are both very submissive, but we have a problem which I hope your readers could help with.

We are both young, myself (29) and my wife (23) and have just moved to the north-west, which is my birthplace, after living in Denmark for five years, which is her birthplace.

The problem is that we don't know how to make contact with genuine younger people who are also interested in rubber in the northwest as everybody who reads Shiny and Rubberist seems to live in the south, Germany or U.S.A.

We would love to hear from a Mistress in Manchester or Cheshire who is not a professional as we have already been taken for a ride by one in Manchester and are not in a hurry to do so again.

We would love to correspond with, and possibly meet, anyone who has an interest so that we don't feel so isolated. I hope you or your readers can help. Thank you for brilliant magazines, and keep up the good work. *Roger and Lene.*

We will forward letters. Ed.

RUBBER FUN

Letter withheld by request. *K. (Devon)*

What a pity you would not let us share your interesting letter with readers. That part describing your girlfriend's novel use of a rubber glove filled with custard powder for recording erotic-sounding rubber noises was fascinating. Ed.

The steady demand to publish more pictures of Gwen and Gwen's astonishing, vast, rubber wardrobe of costumes, all of Gwen's own design, continues. Here and on the back cover are two more. Yes, we do forward letters.

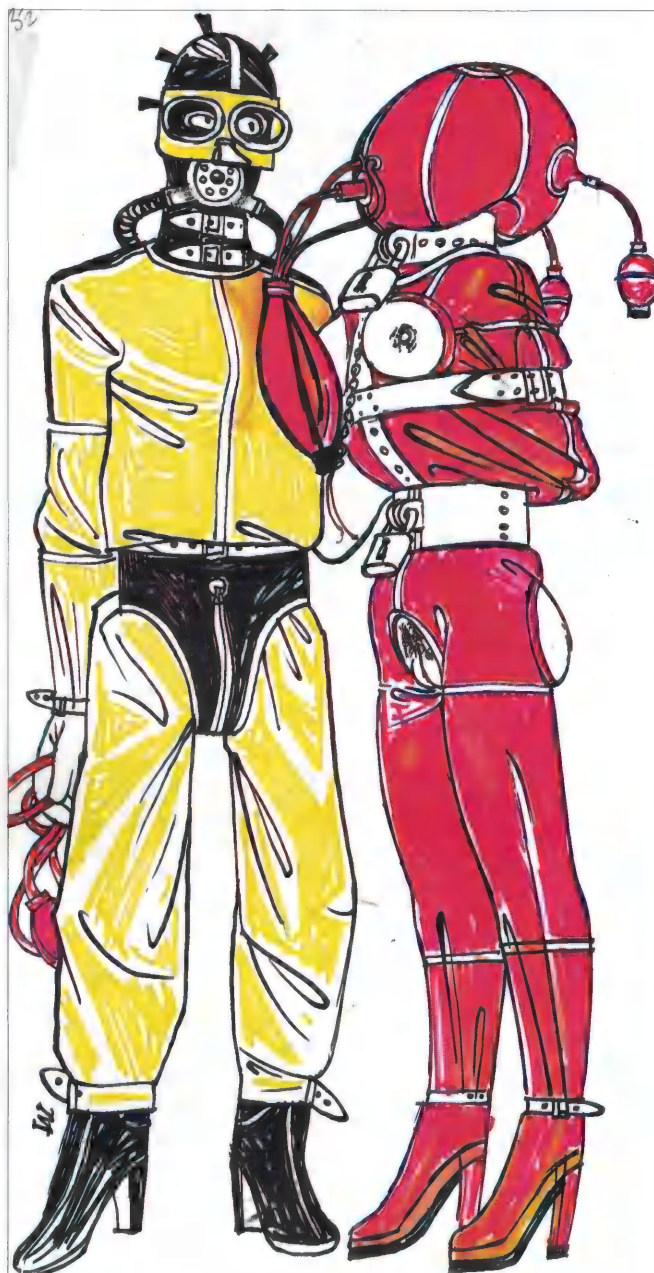
We do enjoy reading your contributions and we do publish a selection of the best. Please keep on writing, and if you can include photographs - we appreciate it. We do like you to give a name and address if you can. It will be treated in confidence. We can then forward any replies from readers.

Replies for forwarding should have the issue and page number and initials of the writer of the original letter. Please stamp the envelope if you live in the U.K.

JOYS OF MACKING

When I was young I liked to put on my mother's raincoats. I liked to swish around with the mac over my naked body until it clung to me and crackled with static electricity.

One mac was light blue and had clear plastic buttons with a collar and a separate tie-up rainhood. It had double pockets; an inner pocket and a hole to access inner everyday clothing. I liked to fondle myself through the pocket of the mac. It was nice to wear the hood as it brushed against my hair and everything seemed to be slightly muffled in a warm and sensuous way.



I can't make up my mind, Doreen, if I should have you featured in the Rubberist as an example of Total Enclosure, or enter you in Shiny Magazines' contest to find the best boobs and bottoms.

There were other macs in the house; a man's in navy and a lady's green, nylon, rubberised one with separate tie up hood.

A variation of this theme was to tie one mac around my waist, making a full-length, buttoned-through plastic skirt with another mac over the top, therefore covering all parts of my body. As I was not aware of the properties of rubber at an early age the light blue plastic mac was my favourite.

Over the years my obsession (I did not appreciate at that stage that what I was experiencing was a fetish) grew and I recall nervously purchasing a yellow plastic cycle cape and several lady's plastic macs.

LETTERS

My first experience of 'macking' with a partner was when I bought a girlfriend a pink see-thru mac with popper studs, patch pockets and an attached hood. I first had to wear the mac secretly before we indulged in our 'pleasures'.

My first encounters with rubber were from buying some magazines from a shop in London and I have been hooked ever since.

My first rubber purchase was a pair of see-through bloomer pants which I wore on the train home. I became so excited indoors that I came in them and licked the stuff out of my pants, enjoying the hot salty taste of my semen and the mingling smell of the rubber.

In between those days and now, I have bought a rubber top and treads, a nylon green mac, various pants and the old favourites - the plastic macs. I now own a long black lady's latex cape, a royal blue lady's latex mac with tie belt, black latex bloomer pants, black latex stockings, elbow length gloves, a plastic see-thru white polka dot rainhood and a slick black glossy souwester hat.

I have always enjoyed the comfort and swishiness of macs; I often fantasise about women in the street with their slick polyurethane macs, wishing they were made of rubber and that I was wearing one in the heavy rain; completely dressed from head to toe while the rain beats down on me.

I hope this letter is published as I have never written any form of correspondence on this matter before. My wife and I have an "understanding" about rubber in our love-making but to confide in fellow rubberists is a different matter altogether.

I would love to hear of any reader's experiences with my old favourite - light blue plastic macs with the separate tie-up hoods and "special" pockets; especially the older, more mature, ladies! Can these

macs still be bought from anywhere? S.F. (London)

I suppose we are going to get complaining letters from readers pointing out the title of this magazine and asking how we allowed in someone who seems to be more into plastics than rubber? Either that or letters from enthusiasts asking us to start a magazine called the 'Plasticist'. From where we stand, we believe there is a strong relationship - since rubber is no longer widely available but nice shiny plastic macs and footwear are around everywhere. And it makes a good substitute. (Wish we could settle on the spelling - mac or mack?) Ed.



HOT RUBBER

We have sent some photos and slides - sorry about the quality of our photography which is new to us. I must follow up my last letter in Rubberist and say that the hotroom in which Graham listens to my pre-recorded tapes (whilst bound in his

It is fascinating to read what our readers get up to - here is Graham in his 'hot rubber'

rubber suit, gloves, socks, hood and now inflatable gag and ski goggles) through the headphones, whilst being warmed by the magic electric fire, leaves a fine aroma of rubber for days.

This gives us good reminders of the playfulness of Graham and my submission ... After the prescribed time I enter the room wearing only a wide black leather choker, studded, wrist-length PVC gloves and self-supporting, black, seamed nylon stockings and ultra high-heeled granny boots, which clink clonk across the bare wooden boards, and I remove the headphones.

As I enjoy his rubber-gloved massage, I unzip his fly and notice an excess of sweat. I love to tease him and will sometimes roll off a nylon stocking and unroll it onto his member and pull the nylon slowly or quickly over and off his member from toe to thigh reinforcement.

Sometimes I demand that he fills the toe of the stocking, and I enjoy the sight of his vigorous rubber gloved strokes as the white creamy substance soaks the stocking. Today I offered my wide buttocks to this thrusts and enjoyed his cupped hands over my breasts. He came quickly and I had to finish myself off on his gleaming rubber helmeted head. This time it was left wet and dripping with me instead of Mr Min or Mr Sheen.

Today though, I am being very bold. After a little coaxing, Graham is going to take me out for lunch to a not-so-local pub, with me dressed in rubber.

I am writing this letter dressed and ready to depart. I am wearing my knee length, black latex skirt, slim fitting with an extraordinarily wide waist band. A soft, non-shiny latex blouse with high collar and ballooning, full-length sleeves in dark green is a close fit at my waist. I have decided not to wear a bra and to enjoy the feel of the cold patches of latex against my soft, then hardening, nipples. I like to see Graham's expression when he sees hard nipples against taut clothing.

Black, seamed, nylon self-support stockings high to the crotch and my high-heeled granny boots in black leather with chrome trim (I'd love a little padlock to go through the eyes of the boots to show my love to Graham).

Gloves would have to be my new three-quarter length, black leather ones (not sure to wear them under the blouse cuffs or not). To be sure I would be keeping them on all the time, even during the knife and fork bit.



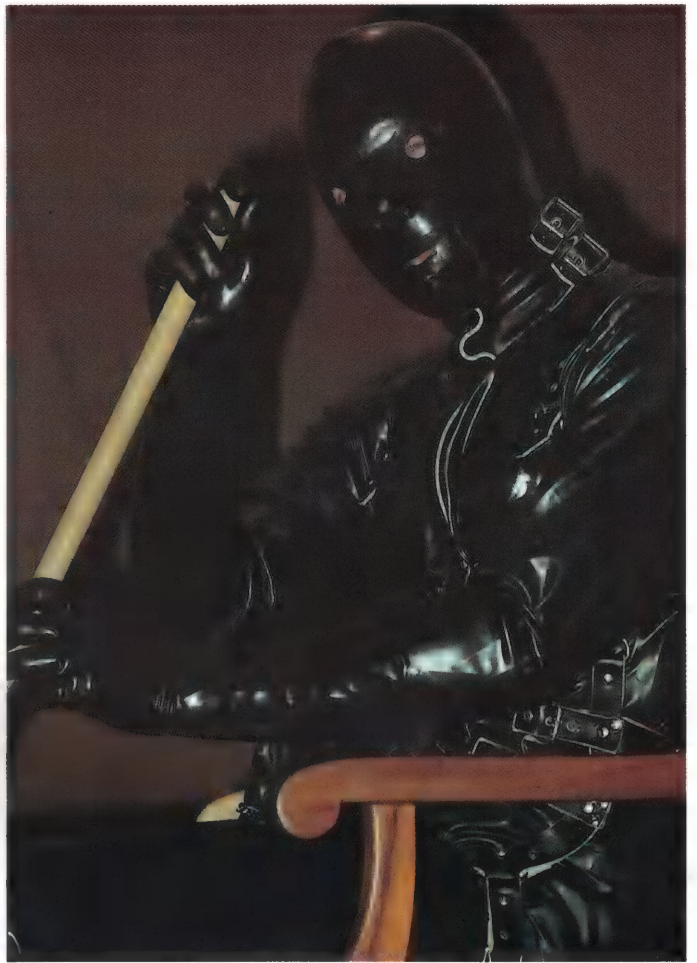
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From time to time we get mysterious packages and films and MS and pictures where the reader is unable to get out of the closet for long enough to write even a letter of explanation, or explain that these follow a promise given in an earlier letter, never mind supplying a name and return address. These intriguing pictures came in the form of a roll of exposed film but we could not find a letter. Mind you, the office cleaner is over-zealous and she might have swept it away? So can we appeal to this reader to please write and claim your pictures if you can. We promise all our readers and contributors confidentiality so do please supply details. It becomes frustrating when there are no words.

LETTERS

I have spent the last hour or so watching Graham digging my vegetable patch in the garden and chatting to Fiona, our neighbour, over the fence. No doubt her yellow washing-up gloves, rubber, didn't go unnoticed. But what did get by Fiona was that Graham is wearing black, seamed, nylon self-support stockings (but not so high to the thigh) at my command.

You see, after the aroma of the heated, rubber room I thought it might be possible to simulate the smell of rubber and keep Graham guessing as to what I was wearing, if any rubber at all. Before he went out this morning I held up the stockings and said "Put these on". "Are you serious?" "Yes" I said defiantly. On they went, and then on went his old rubber pants, tightly belted, and long, woollen hiking socks, cotton tee shirt, jersey and cotton boiler suit. Once outside he pulled on his wellies and off he went to dig.

An hour and a half of digging would cause a great sweat and hopefully transfer the rubber aroma to the stockings only to be revived again when I next wore them. So there we both were both wearing stockings and rubber. If only Fiona knew what Graham was wearing under his boiler suit. I was quite excited and damp at the thought. I wonder what state Graham is in?

Graham will be in to shower soon. I shall send this letter off toute suite and hopefully Graham can read it in your next Rubberist, the best, edition, and of course see himself all rubbered in print, if the photos are publishable. This letter is a secret between me and Shiny so it will be a great thrill for us if it is published.

I am now ready to swish my nylon legs inside my rubber skirt and let my firm breasts bounce with each stride under my latex blouse. How I like to tease him. For it was Graham who needed coaxing, not me!

I must concur wholeheartedly with Nicole from Australia about rubber gloves in the mouth. Who turns their rubber gloves the right way out by inflating them to an odd-shaped udder after five finger pops? Try this - turn the glove inside out and suck each finger out in turn allowing the finger tube to rise and swell inside the mouth. Like it? Good - you can repeat it a further nine times (unless you have so many pairs and have nothing else to do all night).

Keeping with Nicole, her article on gloves in a few paragraphs was far more stimulating than the Caving story. More overground stories from down under please. *Anne and Graham.*

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Anne and Graham say they are new to the scene and keen to make contact with other readers. Seems this is going to be tricky as they did not give us an address. Ed.

WANTED

I would like to know where I can buy a book called 'The Evil and the Innocent', a photographic study of female models in latex, published six or seven years ago and widely reviewed at the time. I need the name of the author and the publisher so I can instigate a book search.

I am also looking for samples of 60's styles Pakamacs - soft vinyl, semi-transparent with belted waist and welt pockets. Any ideas? S.F. (London)

We can't help. Perhaps our readers can?

TIGHT CATSUITS

When I was younger, in my teens, I was like any other teenager into girls and other stuff like that. But whenever I was watching programmes on telly which involved scuba diving I found myself becoming quite turned on.

At first I was quite worried, thinking I was some kind of wierdo, then I thought it was something I would grow out of. But whenever there was a programme with women all dressed in those tight-fitting wet suits and scuba gear it really got me going.

This went on for a few years with me thinking it was just me and that no-one else was like that. That is until a couple of years back when I saw my first Shiny mag.

WOW! What a shock - I couldn't believe it. All these women dressed up in rubber. I'd never seen anything like it before; I almost came in my pants whilst flicking through it in the shop. So I bought it, went home and had an enjoyable evening.

I bought a few mags whenever I could and really enjoyed them, especially the pictures of women in lovely shiny catsuits, a quite beautiful sight.

Then when I saw the first Rubberist, well what a truly great mag. I thought nothing could turn me on more than the sight of a woman in a tight fitting catsuit.

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BLOOMERS

More letters and pictures on what has become a popular subject. Even our cover girl is wearing them!

Did the famous Helen ever wear rubber pants like these from Zeitgeist?

I would like to ask her if she chose for her lunchtime 'quickies' the open legged pair or the pair with the elasticated legs?

The first pair make entry easy for the erect penis as it can travel up either the right or left leg but 'creamy semen' would escape down the legs afterwards.

Not so with the elasticated pair but an entry is impossible and taking them down to facilitate entry would spoil the fun! G.P.(Yorks)

Helen reports she went for the second style which had a 'convenient slot' like that made for male underpants - covered but accessible. Ed.



I have much enjoyed reading so many times again the true tale in issue 7 by Helen Henley of her so exciting sexual 'adventures' wearing latex knickers and, in the last issue, the letter from T.R. (Cheshire)

telling how both he and his girl friend wore matching pairs.

The picture T.R. sent you of the 'bloomers' that came to the ankles reminded me of happy times when my lady

lover had just such a pair.

Anna was my teacher on all matters sexual. I was only 20 and she was - but, it is not polite in England to talk of a lady's age is that not true?

This was in Austria in 1961 and I was resting in a special clinic in the mountains after an operation to mend a sick lung.

Anna was a nurse and we had such an affair!

Anna was so used to wearing all things rubber: aprons every day. To see - and hear - her coming from the operating theatre in her white rubber trousers and short rubber boots was a sight which so pleased me every time that my manhood did the forbidden Nazi salute. (Anna said my manhood could have been a member of the SS, it was so hard and disciplined and could be sometimes so cruel).

I tell you true, it was her pink rubber bloomers that came down to her feet that I so liked best. To lie with her on her bed in her room and to rest my throbbing SS trooper against the cool rubber was wunderschön.

So often there was nothing better I liked to do than to press myself on her bloomers until I could pour all over them. Such memories I have! T.T.(Austria)

I think you should include in your bloomers story in the Rubberist, one of the pictures you took of me in my bloomers and you first printed in Shiny 20. They are my favourites. Mitzie.



LETTERS

hood, beautiful thigh high boots and to top it off a gasmask.

Now I know some people don't like them in your mag, which is fair enough, but to me there's nothing more erotic than what I've just described.

I bought the first couple of Rubberists, then I saw an advert for Cocoon that they had opened at Kidderminster, so I went over to check it out and came back with a lovely tight catsuit.

I was so excited when I first put it on I came all over the place before I'd got it above my knees. When I finally got it on it was the most sensuous sensation I'd ever had. The way the rubber moulds to you like a second skin is lovely.

When Rubberist 6 came out with your feature on gasmasks I sent off to the Chemical Defence Agency for a couple of gasmasks. When they arrived I put my suit on then slipped on my gasmask. It was a quite wonderful experience - you're suddenly in your own private world where the only thing you can hear is your own breathing. And when you run your hands over

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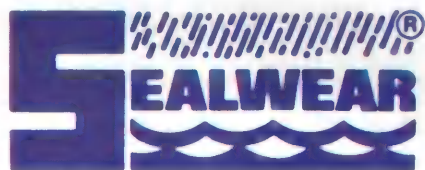


your body it feels like somebody else, quite wonderful.

I wrote this letter firstly as thanks for showing me there's plenty of other people like me and for introducing me to rubber, but also, as yet, I never yet experienced making Rubber love (I won't say what my ex said when I mentioned rubber). So I was wondering if I could make a plea out there to any ladies who would be willing to indulge in some purely rubber fun as

you're particularly hard to find round where I live. You never know - it might blossom into a beautiful relationship. I'm 24, 6 feet and not bad looking, especially in rubber, so go on - drop me a line. *P.J.D (Warks)*

Always glad to forward letters. Meantime, why not try a letter to Fiona who appeared on page 42 of Rubberist 3 and who is advertising in the Personal Column (Box R11/27). Ed.



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LETTERS

TURN ON

My number one and initial turn on is the black shiny mackintosh, buttoned and belted.

When driving my car my eyes are not always on the road, one is always on full alert for the sight of a shiny, any shiny really but, as stated, black is number one. When spotted I could follow one for miles. It has been the same for the past 65 years, so you can see why it's my favourite in magazines and photographs.

However, to add to this particular turn-on, black latex also appeals to me. Having passed the age when all-out sex was the order of the day, I am lucky in always having had an understanding partner who now leaves me to my own desires, usually from 10pm on a Saturday night.

On these occasions I put on a lightweight black latex jacket and trousers with a fly front, next a large, very smooth, latex apron followed by a large djellaba. To complete the outfit on goes an open-faced hood, a chin support, which also covers the mouth, and a pair of latex gloves.



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I then make myself comfortable in front of the TV, having put a favourite video into the recorder.

For starters my hands are on the outside of the djellaba, and at the first sight of a black shiny my gloved hands rub the layers of latex over my nipples, giving me much pleasure. After a time I remove the gloves and put my hands inside the djellaba. I am then completely encased and continue my enjoyment with my 'bare hands over the apron and jacket. Another black shiny appears and the wearer removes same to

expose her breasts. This combination causes my nipples to be gripped with extra ferocity but it is very pleasurable. By this time 'John Thomas' is fully aware of the proceedings and has emerged from the fly opening of the trousers and finds himself wrapped in the smooth latex apron.

Towards the end of the video complete turn-on time arrives; two girls on this occasion, both wearing mackintoshes, bend over to expose that most tempting part of the female body - it's almost on an eye-to-eye basis. With this in full view and a little

RUBBER DREAMS

I like to dress up in a tight-fitting rubber suit, pants, shirt (all from Latexa) with a full-head hood and a gas-mask.

What I have tried to do is to fall asleep while dressed like this as I believe I would have SUCH DREAMS! The trouble is that I am always too excited when I am dressed in rubber to fall asleep, even though I get into my rubber sleeping bag with just my head protruding out. Any safe suggestions would be welcomed.

I am visiting London soon and would love to meet other rubberists. Would you pass on letters to me please. P.O.S. (Sweden)





That was fun, Arthur, but what have you planned for the rest of the evening?

RUBBER LAUGHS



Think of it, just two more of these £100 sessions and I promise you'll be cured of rubber fetishism.



See how I care for you Cynthia, this will save you from breathing chemical fumes while you are scrubbing.



What makes you think I take you for granted?



After a bit we can swop and you can read the evening paper.

LETTERS

whipping added for extra pleasure, all gets too much for John Thomas. He then begs to be taken in hand and repays me with a great climax beneath that lovely, smooth latex apron.

Roll on another Saturday night! *J.C.M. (Norwich)*

SOUND OF RUBBER

I like to design my own rubber outfits, and this is one where I have, under the cape, a fully fitted, black rubber dress with full length sleeves and a high collar.

Under the three quarter rubber cape is a cable and tubing complex combined with the WW2 gas mask that I have modified in various ways.

I would like to share my ideas with other TVs. In my large collection I have 54 mackintoshes and capes in a variety of colours and fabrics. Most are coated with silks and satins as I like to place the emphasis on sound. *Dawn.*

Dawn has supplied us with a short story and pictures that we hope to publish shortly - in DFP probably. Ed



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RUBBER SESSION

I felt I just must write down my feelings on my last rubber session and thought your readers might like to share them. For various reasons, probably too deeply psychological to explain, I like solitary sessions in rubber, so as soon as the family went out for the Saturday shopping, I stripped off, set my watch up to give me one hour, as I find a time limit and the possibility of being discovered dressed up adds to the thrill. Then I reverently opened my rubber treasure chest and the sweet smell of rubber and talcum powder put me in a rubber mood.

First I pulled on a pair of sheathed pants, an open faced latex hood, thin tight latex gloves and, after a little deliberation, my close-fitting black latex suit from Sealwear. It has feet and a back zip, and clings so closely to me I have to hold the sides of the zip tightly at the back while I hook the leather thong attached to the zip-pull over a door knob to help me pull it up.

I love the feel of it as I slide each foot into the powdered legs and smooth out the latex up my legs. Then I plunge my gloved hand into the arms and push my hands through the open ends, admiring the way the latex clings so closely yet allows me freedom of movement.

I pull up the hood and look at myself in the mirror now, and, as always, get a thrill seeing my body completely covered in shiny black rubber.

I have a job to do today in adjusting some fibreglass insulation in the attic. This is such nasty itchy stuff I must be well protected, so I slip into a loose front zipped latex suit, also from Sealwear - it is a cold day and the suit feels cold as I put it on, but very soon the double layer of rubber warms up to body temperature and I feel warm again.

This suit is too good and thin to use in the attic, and in any case I need three layers of rubber to feel really secure, so I now put my feet into the black latex, chest-high body waders I have. I rarely use them for fishing, but they are beautifully smooth

inside and quite rough on the outside so add a layer of good protection today.

I pull over the braces that keep them up, and over the top I slip on an old latex shirt from S B Rainwear.

Now I'm nearly ready but need some protection from the dust. Will I wear a gas mask? No, I've to pass a window to get a ladder so I'll just put on the small rubber dust mask that covers my nose and mouth.

I pull it on and tighten the straps, breathing deeply to enjoy the rubbery smell it has and ensure no air enters round the side of my hood. Finally slipping on a pair of thick, smooth industrial rubber gloves, I'm ready. As I fetch and set up the

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ladder and climb up into the loft the outer layers of rubber caress the tight inner suit delightfully.

I have to crawl around the loft insulation to do what I have to, and am very thankful for the rubber protection I have on which is keeping me warm in the cold air and keeping me free of the irritating glass fibre that has prevented me doing the job before.

I have to work quite hard and find I am gasping in air through the mask and carry manfully on but realise that I am beginning to find this a little arousing. I finish, having thoroughly enjoyed the job for

once, and after tidying away the ladder am surprised to find I have only taken twenty minutes.

There is still plenty of time left so I get out of the shirt, give it a wash then remove the waders. I now slip on my PVC rain suit. It is by Grundens of Sweden and is made of dark green smooth PVC which I really like the look of. I put on my green Hunter wellies and admire the outfit in the mirror again, only feeling sorry it's not raining and I don't have time for a rubber walk.

I like the look with the hood up and only my eyes showing over the mask. Then I

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MUDLARKING

My very first strong fetish around the age of 11 were boots - all kinds of boots. I would scan the magazines and the TV to catch pictures of women wearing boots. When the TV series 'The Avengers' appeared over here on TV, I was really sent.

My 'pleasures' have developed over the years and now I am into many things including wading and mudlarking. I enclose a few pictures. These were taken at a weekend camp in Maine.

I tend to go for PVC and Spandex rather than rubber - since it is easier to obtain. My favourite footwear maker is 'Sporto' who make rubber boots in various styles and a range of colours. They made the black and yellow boots in these pictures. S.S. (U.S.A.)





HARMLESS PLEASURE

There is no other magazine for the rubber and gas mask enthusiast that can match yours, and so I was unhappy that the editorial in R9 showed that not all your readers take the same view but dare to criticise your honest efforts to show dressing up in rubber as a natural, harmless pleasure.

To support your efforts, I am sending you some of my private pictures including some of the outfit I am wearing to write this letter.

My collection includes a rubberised, blue Klepper mac, a green military style mac (Klepper) and many pairs of rubber waders. G.R. (Germany)



LETTERS

think I'll try on my old stockinette surfaced WW2 gas mask. It's cold as I strap it over the latex hood, and soon the glass eyepieces mist over so I have to wipe them to see myself clearly. It looks good to see the green shiny suited figure in the mirror so well protected and feeling so nice inside my rubber cocoon. I slip on a pair of long industrial gloves to complete the feeling and look of total rubber protection. As I move, the end of the breathing tube gets sucked onto the PVC and I gasp for breath and so decide to do a little breathing control. I go over to the watch, take a deep breath and then block off the tube with my gloved hand. I manage 15 seconds before I have to breathe out and then feel the mask clamp itself tightly to my head as I try in vain to suck in air.

I enjoy the sensation of gasping for air for only another 15 seconds before I have to give in and uncover the tube. Fresh, sweet air rushes in. Next time I manage 40 seconds and then decide to try on the American tank crew gas mask with the long tube and canister. I strap it on tightly and cover the inlet to the canister with a latex glove, only allowing air in at the face mask where the small hole for the microphone wire used to be.

I can cover this with a gloved finger confident in the knowledge that if I did black out, the hole would free again. I take a deep breath and cover the hole, managing 30 seconds before breathing out and lasting a full minute after, though I suspect some air is entering around the sides. I have several more attempts but don't improve my time and decide to stop before I get too excited.

I remove the outer suits and gas mask and then decide to see what I look like in my zip-up hood with only two nostril holes and a pair of tiny eye holes to see out of. It goes on over the open faced hood and I zip it down at the back. The effect is stunning as I see a totally black latex figure in the mirror with a stretchy, shiny, latex-covered head.

I run my rubbered hands all over my suit and head, revelling in the delightful sensations I feel through my wonderful second skin of rubber. After a few minutes bliss I glance at my watch and realise I have only a few minutes left so reluctantly get undressed and dressed again in my normal clothes except for the pair of tight latex briefs I put on to remind me of the last hour's enjoyment.

I tidy up and carry on with the normal Saturday jobs hoping no one notices the

odd rustle from my underwear. At last while preparing the tea in my black pvc apron and black industrial gloves that I use for the dishes, I rub up against the sink and find that the latex rubs me in just the right place, and after a few moments can stand it no longer and have to sort things out through the briefs with my own rubber gloved hands.

The end to a delightfully sensual rubber day sees me sneaking off to get out of sticky briefs and hope for another session sometime soon. *Rubbershy.*

WADERS

Regarding DD (Cambs), page 21 R9, who asks about waders: I can buy ordinary black rubber, thigh waders, made in Czechoslovakia, from Bray & Sons, Market House, St Austell, Cornwall, (phone: 0726 73542) for about £18 (the price may have varied since my last purchase). Cornish Industrial Supplies, 40 Polkyth Road, St Austell, Cornwall (phone: 0726 74264) have black, rubber, thigh waders at £26.95, and chest high waders in black rubber at about £48. I would imagine similar items are available elsewhere, especially in rural areas. Perhaps in large towns and cities such shops are not so easy to find. *J.R. (Cornwall)*

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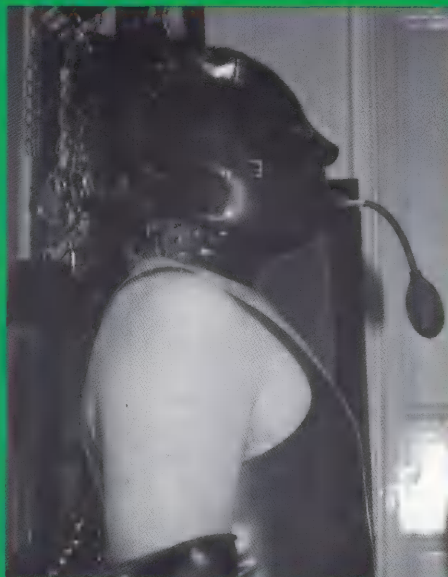
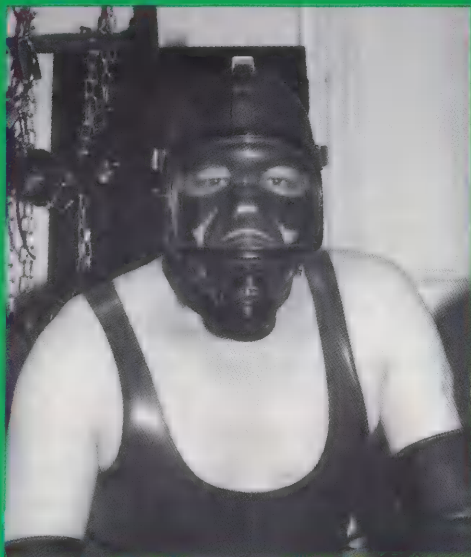
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MY COLLECTION

I don't expect you will have room to show all my rubber collection which includes a 0.035 leotard and a laced helmet from Cocoon. The rubber gauntlets are from a local supplier of protective clothing. Some of my respirators are from the Chemical Defence Agency who also put me in touch with other suppliers. Very helpful people.

The waders are CE-BO, light-weight and cheap but much improved by the application of 'Armour-All' and also by replacing the weedy fabric straps with rubber strip.

I get a great deal of pleasure and relaxation from my collection even though the day I took these pictures was very hot which deterred me from enjoying 'total enclosure'.
R. Collector. (Cumbria)



LETTERS

APPEAL OF WADERS

It may help D.D. to know that agricultural and farm stockists are the best source I have found for waders.

Waders have a special appeal for the rubberist, and rubber riding boots and wellingtons just don't have the same attraction. The opportunities and versatility are limitless. Wear waders in the bath and let them fill slowly with water while rubbing them down with soap. Waders can add so much to sex. Some examples: let one's sperm drip into them while reading this magazine. Use the rim of the waders to stimulate her clitoris, or have her squat over your foot and have her tease her sensitive area on the ridged band around the toe. The rims of the waders provide a good hand hold as she pulls you into the depth of her hole. Waders provide a lovely pressure on her legs when you mount her the list is endless.

The stiffly booted feel on the legs when walking or driving is a special pleasure that only a rubberist can understand. *R.W. (Leicester)*

Helen Henley says she likes the erotic feel of water sucking the waders against her thighs as she goes deeper. By the way, we hope to have news of a range of superb rubber waders that we will be selling exclusively to readers. We have found a manufacturer who is making samples. Ed.

SINGLE GLOVES

I enjoy the stimulus and relaxation afforded by the wearing of tight rubber suits and wet-suits especially those made from smooth skin material. I also like to wear arm-sheaths or single gloves made of rubber - a popular feature of American erotica but rarely featured here for some odd reason. The difficulty is that you need an understanding partner to get you into them - and out - unless any reader has ideas



Shiny International 61 and Dressing for Pleasure 17 (and other magazines) contain reports with pictures of the extraordinary DeMask party in Amsterdam which was attended by Princess Marina and a host of international celebrities.

Her Royal Highness described it as a 'fun pervy party'. Certainly the emphasis was on unusual and eccentric costume, and we saved this picture of this rubber costume for this issue.

for a self-fitting design. *S.H. (N. Ireland)*

Since the depiction of all forms of 'bondage' is frowned on by the authorities, we cannot show you any of the many pictures we receive from readers of this quite popular item of total enclosure costume. Ed

TOTAL ENCLOSURE

My wife thinks I am some kind of nut but it does not alter the fact that I have a strong desire to experience total enclosure in heavy rubber.

I like to zip myself inside a very heavy rubber bag so that my only contact with the outside world is through a snorkle mouth-piece attached to a breathing tube. Left in there for several hours, during which time

I am alternately awake and asleep, I experience total relaxation. During the waking periods I experience some marvellous and powerful climaxes. It is very warm inside my bag and I am soon bathed with perspiration which makes the warm wet rubber move deliciously against me as I flex my muscles.

I don't care that some will say that this is 'a regression to the womb' - what does it matter if it relaxes you better than any dose of tranquillisers? *M.T. (Cumbria)*

Sorry, we had to condense your letter; apologies too to all those readers whose letters and pictures are piling up awaiting publication. We will get around to them - but still keep writing and remember that those with pictures get priority. Ed.

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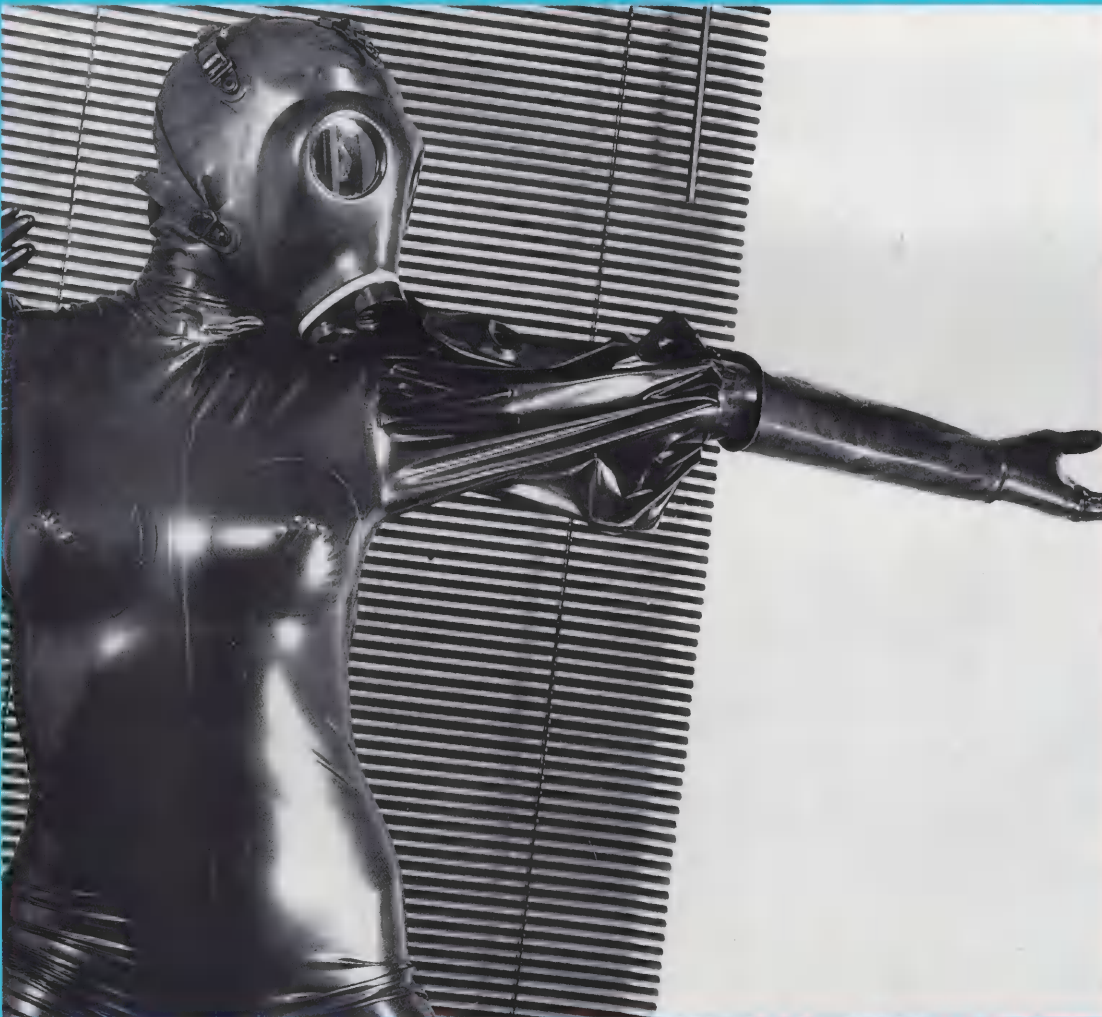


ART OF

He lives in France. He specialises in the very difficult art of photographing latex and wet suits. We think he does it superbly.

HAP WATER





Ever since we published one of his pictures on the back cover of the RUBBER SPECIAL, we have had enthusiastic letters to see more of his work - even though some of the wet-suits he photographed are not made of rubber. This has offended a few of our purist readers but such is the quality of the photography, we have been asked to publish more.

Hap Water has responded very generously - as you see - and has also said that he will supply readers with suitable prints of his work at competitive prices. He has b/w postcards available and if you would like a copy of his price list send us your name and address and we will forward it. No need for a forwarding stamp as we expect there will be so many requests, they can all go in the one envelope.



THE VISIT

The invitation said 'spend an evening with us all in rubber come dressed in rubber.' It was a memorable evening for these two couples and, if we had not run out of space in an already overcrowded issue, we would have published the letter they sent as well. It was a tough decision - we settled for the pictures since we think they capture the scene that evening in that lovely German home better than any words.





RUBBER NEWS

MODERN ARMOUR



It may sound pretentious to describe a catalogue of latexwear as "A Manifesto for a New Breed of Women", but when you see Daniellen Oppegaard's collection of latex couture you will find yourself nodding in agreement. Matching the collection, the catalogue is beautifully illustrated and printed.

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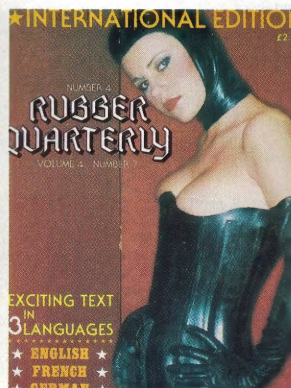
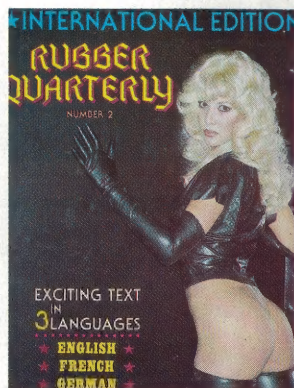
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283 Sandycombe Road
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A subscription is the only way of ensuring you get every issue of RUBBERIST. We do try to satisfy the growing demand for back numbers but number one is completely sold out and there are not many left of issues 2 - 6. From 7 onwards the price is £10 (add £1 to the cover price if you live overseas). The widely acclaimed RUBBER SPECIAL is also £10. To ensure you get the NEW SHINY RUBBER SPECIAL (lots of super rubber pictures) to be published in May, and RUBBERIST 12 (September) send us a cheque, money order for £18 and save yourself £2 on the cover price (£20 if you live overseas).

You ought to subscribe to DRESSING FOR PLEASURE as well. Number 17 is full of pictures of magnificent rubber macs. (Cost is £10 - add £1 if you live overseas). If you would like DRESSING FOR PLEASURE 18 (July) and the DFP SPECIAL (November) as well as the two coming RUBBERISTS, we will offer the same deal - £1 off the cover price of all the magazines, plus an extra £1 - £35 in all (£39 overseas). We will give you an even better deal if you want SHINY INTERNATIONAL as well. Write and ask.

They were found in a warehouse - Rubber Quarterly and Club Latexa - three magazines for the collector - famous titles long out of print but containing exceptional photographs of ladies in rubber.

Our price is £10 each but, if you wish, you can have all three for £25. Please add £1 for postage if you live overseas.



PERSONAL

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD A personal ad costs 20p a word. There is no charge for a box number. Readers ordering magazines, catalogues or videos from us to a value of £12 or more qualify for a free personal advert to a maximum of 35 words not including box number. Readers taking out a magazine subscription or ordering 'Bizarre World' also qualify for a free ad.

Please write your ad clearly and put your name and address on the same sheet of paper. Do not include any other orders or instructions on this sheet as this will delay it being passed to the advertising department. Allow two months for the appearance of an ad. Most ads will be published in more than one issue but we reserve the right to edit or alter or reject.

HOW TO RESPOND Put your reply in an envelope and write the box number clearly in pencil in the top left hand corner. Stick a first or second class stamp on the envelope (only overseas readers are excused). Many respondents are failing to do this and this delays sending to the advertiser until another reply is received and both can go together. Place this envelope in a second envelope which you address, stamp and send to G & M Fashions (Leisure) Ltd., PO Box 42, Romford, Essex RM1 2ED.

Novice male rubberist, 22, seeks anyone into scene, any age, either gender to introduce him to their tastes, interests and preferences. I want to know if there is a big, wide world out there! Berkshire/London area. Box R11/1

Single male, 41, into total rubber/leather restriction: helmet, boots, suits, inflatables, multi-layers, etc., wishes to meet discreet males/females (not TVs) with similar interests. Can accommodate (own house) or travel (U.K.) Box R11/2

Dominant master, 32, unshockable, seeks very submissive female for erotic fantasy training and club visits. Can accommodate. Novice or experienced. Limits respected. Photo. a.l.a. London. Box R11/3

Fully rubbered single guy, 38, biker, into breathing gear, headgear, heavy duty rubber, total enclosure, wants to develop interests with other rubberists. Slim, sensible, discreet, non-smoker. Detailed letter/photo requested. Box R11/4

FOR SALE: Men's knee length boots, size 10, black, v.g.c. £50. Red matt pvc jeans w.26, slight flare for hot pants. £20. White matt pvc skirt w26 £10. s.a.e. for more details. Box R11/5

Obedient and eager 23 year old male wishes to meet dominant lady in high heels and boots for her entertainment and pleasure. Box R11/6

Good price paid for a pair of the long Aquo boots from Tretorn, any size. Offers to Box R11/7

Male virgin, 19, biker into transvestism, rubber etc., seeks 18-25 year (female for preference) into domination, for mutual fun/possible lasting relationship. Somerset area. Your place only. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box R11/8

Rubber guy, 40, south London based, seeks new AC/DC friends into black rubber mocs/waders etc. Photo appreciated and returned. Rubber biker with spare pillion a real plus! Box R11/9

FOR SALE: postcards (black and white) of lady in black, smooth Neoprene and latex suits wearing gasmasks, diving-masks. Many are action pictures. Write for details, prices to Box R11/10

Guy, 35, caring, humorous, solvent, intelligent, living N.W. U.K./Gtr Manchester and who relaxes in total rubber enclosure, seeks companionship from females or couples with similar interests/hobby. a.l.a. Box R11/11

Small collection of mackintoshes and rubberwear for sale - s.a.e. for list. Like to purchase photos and cuttings of mackintoshes from the 50s. Box R11/12

Canadian (Calgary), male (30s) into rubber and rubber experiences of all types wishes to contact/correspond/meet females 20-35 with same interests for fun and pleasure. Hopefully contact will lead to a serious relationship. Write (ala) to Box R11/13

Attractive leather/rubber-liking lady, 33, AC/DC, would love to meet lady with similar tastes for pleasure. Photo appreciated. First time. N.Ireland. Box R11/14

Tall, mature gentleman, Cornwall, comfortably off but needs a lively lady who enjoys outings and 'shiny' type wear and isn't yet into the low heel shoes syndrome. Box R11/15

Wanted: ex-navy frogman's suit, size 3. Height 5ft 9in. Box R11/16

Male seeking other guys 21 plus who are into Total Enclosure in rubber mackintoshes. Hoods, capes, zip-up bag all waiting for you to try. Drop me a line about your interests. Box R11/17

Lonely, bored male, 37, seeks unattached female 26-35 interested in leather, rubber etc to liven things up. Hopefully leading to relationship. Box R11/18

Young, slim TV, into rubber, PVC, gasmasks, high heels and much more, likes modelling, photos and videos. There must be rubber-lovers out there who would like to meet me. Large wardrobe. Can travel/accommodate. Box R11/19

Do you have any PVC or leather gear (sizes 10-14) to lend/sell for an attractive female to wear for a video? Cash paid. Surrey/London/Anywhere. Box R11/20

For Sale. Atomage 5 (showing Gypsy Kent in white vinyl suit) and Atomage 6. Both copies in mint condition. £30 per copy. Box R11/21

FOR SALE: Full suspension harness in heavy black leather with six welded D rings for secure suspension. New. £45. Box R11/22

WANTED Heavy Duty Double breasted black rubber surfaced motorcycle coat -i.e. Belstaff competition coat or equivalent. Chest 40-46. Note - black rubber and not PVC. Box R11/23

Norwegian male living in Oslo, late thirties, good education and well off. Interests are fetish clothing in rubber, leather and pvc. Would like to meet similarly interested lady for mutual pleasures and friendship. I speak English fluently and travel regularly to England in my work. a.l.a. Box R11/24

Strong girls want men 18-35 to wrestle with. We'll win and dominate! Box R11/25

Photographer, 45, male, into rubber, pvc, leather, DFP scene, will take photographs of females, males, couples, TV's in your own home or office. Discretion and confidentiality assured. Will travel anywhere in the U.K. Fee paid plus copies of all photographs taken. First Class Quality guaranteed. If possible send photograph with reply. a.l.a. Box R11/26

Chemical Defence Agency, Europa, Grove Mount, Ramsey, Isle of Man, glad to help with readers' enquiries for respirators.

Rubber loving lady - who has been featured in this magazine - would like to correspond (to begin with) with

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someone with similar tastes and hopefully she can learn more about the rubber scene. Looking for a kindly, sensible man who likes wearing rubber and to see a lady dressed to match. Genuine. a.s.l.a. Box R11/27

CONTACT CENTRE was established in April 1980 and ever since that date has been catering for a wide variety of needs in the field of human relationships. Contact Centre now operates a very specialised service for dominants and submissives only.

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